

BUST

ONE-HANDED READS

A COLLECTION OF FEMINIST EROTICA

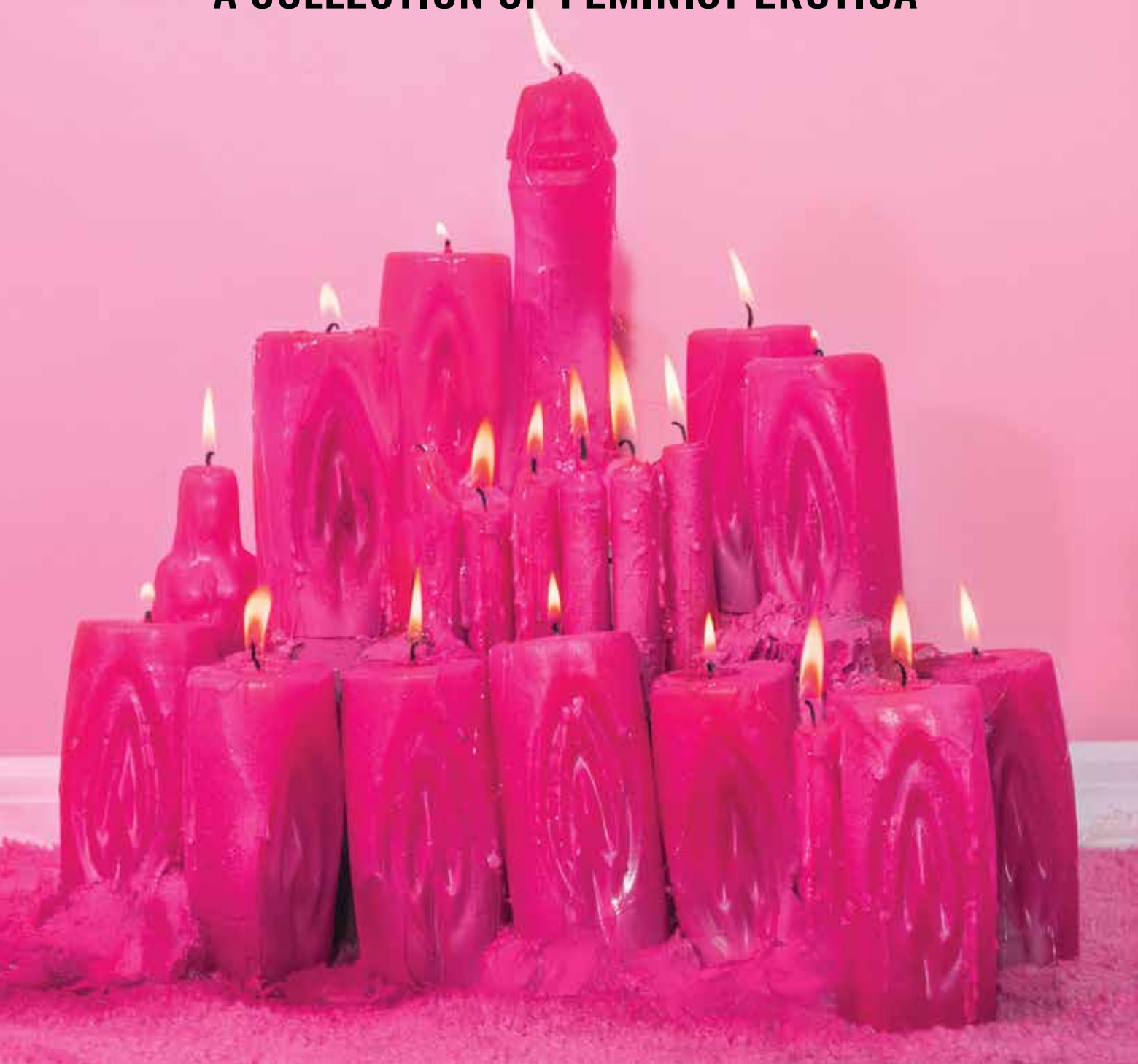


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ONE-HANDED READ

Field Day

A CORPORATE TEAM-BUILDING EXERCISE TURNS INTO SEXERCISE

FRIGID PURPLE DYE dripped down her back, soaking her shirt, as Tess stalked across the field. *Never trust accountants with tie-dye*, she thought warily, striding to the storage shed where she'd stashed some spare clothes. She never wanted to organize this train wreck called "Team-Building Field Day" ever again.

Not even if Charlie co-chaired next year. Fresh from college, earnest, and always smiling, Charlie was an honest-to-God puppy of a man, and Tess was *deeply* ashamed of all her sex dreams about him. She watched him typing and dreamed about his fingers rocking in and out of her cunt. The memory of his arms flexing during today's tug-o'-war made her tingle as she ducked into the shed and peeled off her shirt. Outside, she heard someone shout, "We need more buckets, I'll ask Tess." She yelped and snatched her shirt back up as Charlie bounced inside, beaming, until he saw she was topless.

"The red dye spilled, too, so.... Shit, sorry!" His panicked jump backward into about 50 brooms almost made her embarrassment worth it. Luckily, he seemed twice as flustered, looking anywhere but at Tess as he flailed for the door handle. "Sorry, sorry...." Tess blinked. He blushed redder. Even mortified, he was sexy. Tess let her wet shirt drop to the floor. "You can look up," she said, flushed with her own daring. "You could even kiss me." His head snapped up and Tess' nipples tightened under her bra. When he inhaled, she could see his pecs, his abs, and the outline of his stiffening cock in his shorts. Tess reached back to unhook her bra. When she let it fall, his jaw dropped. "I said," Tess repeated, "you could kiss me."

Charlie shivered. Then he lunged forward and crashed his lips into hers. Tess groaned into his mouth—oh, those *fingers*, digging into the flesh of her hips—and his reply vibrated through her. Tess grabbed his hands and dragged them to her breasts. Charlie traced his thumbs back and forth over her nipples, tentatively, then rougher when she pressed closer. Each circle of his thumbs shot heat straight to her clit; she was so wet already, her thighs were soaked. He pulled back, licking his lips. "Can I kiss your chest?"

Tess gasped, laughing, and pushed his head down, muffling his grateful moan against her. She bet he could taste her thudding heartbeat, pounding *fuck me fuck me*, as his tongue swept over her. His teeth scraped her nipple, and Tess bucked. He hummed, his lips closing, sucking, and each brush of his teeth made her clit throb. Charlie licked one more stripe over her nipple, then dropped to his knees on the dusty floor. His fingertips hooked in her belt loops and his mouth glistened. "I want to go down on you," he begged hoarsely. "Those skirts you wear, the long ones, I dream about crawling under your desk, getting under them."

Tess shuddered, picturing him licking her under her desk while she worked, and her cunt clenched. "Fuck, yes!" He grabbed her jeans, dragging them and her panties down, and Tess shivered when the air hit her slick skin. With a guttural sound, Charlie dove into her. Tess cried out, steadying herself on the wall behind her. His tongue, wet and soft, kept dipping between her lips. Charlie went for it with all the enthusiasm she'd

first noticed him for: so hungry, so eager to please. He flattened his tongue against her clit, rocking his head back and forth. Tess yelped as he slowly licked her clit, hard, then plunged his tongue back into her. He swirled his tongue around, lapping her up, sucking her lips and her clit, just enough to make her sob. And then he fucked her with his tongue again, his nose rubbing against her clit, just right, while Tess twisted a fistful of his hair. "Good boy," she gasped, and her thighs trembled when she felt him laugh.

Charlie closed his mouth around her clit, working his tongue, and she felt those fingers push into her, curling and seeking. Tess' body arched as she came, shaking in hot-cold rushes. She forced her eyes open so she could remember him between her legs, and shuddered again when she saw his left hand working furiously, the flushed head of his cock sticking out of the band of his shorts. Barely three strokes, then Charlie groaned against her and came.

Tess' legs decided they were done, and she tugged Charlie's head back to give herself room to collapse. Charlie grinned as she dropped to her knees, and she leaned in to press their foreheads together. The bottom half of his face was soaked. He rubbed his nose against hers with a blissful hum. "Coffee?" Tess suggested. "Tonight?"

He nodded, beaming. "Coffee."

"Good boy," Tess said, and kissed him again. —IDA JAY



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ONE-HANDED READ

Getting Ready

PREPARATIONS FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN TAKE A DIRTY DETOUR

“THE SHOW STARTS at 7:30...so, just giving you a time check.” She’s always ready first. I breathe in the jasmine steam and run my hands over my hipbones, taking one last moment to myself before draining the tub. I step out and begin drying off, admiring my figure in the mirror. My skin is flushed perfectly pink, and is glistening with bath oil. I comb my hair into a tight bun, throw on my sheer black robe, and walk out of the bathroom.

She’s wearing the expensive wool slacks I ironed earlier. I lift my robe up and rub my pussy directly onto her leg. “You’re going to get oil on my pants, and at least one of us needs to not change her outfit five times before leaving,” she says with a straight face.

I sigh deeply and roll my eyes, but I can see her smiling as I turn to my mirror. Then I spread my legs wide on my vanity chair, letting my cunt breathe as I apply makeup with a flourish. My perfectly arched brows, smoky eyes, and shiny new coral lipstick look perfect, but she doesn’t seem to notice. I can see her in the mirror. Her tits are small enough that she doesn’t have to wear a bra, so I can see the outline of her nipples through her button down. I picture them erect in my mouth. She starts tapping her shiny leather boots. “Think you can be ready in 20 minutes?” she asks.

“Sure,” I say. “I just have to get dressed.” I can see her smirking in the mirror, but she’ll be proud to have me on her arm when we’re out tonight. I roll my sheer stockings to the tops of my thighs, where they hug my soft flesh, then step into my favorite panties, a high-waisted pair with floral lace across the bottom. I lift my breasts out of their lacy black cups and push them up for maximum cleavage. Then I slip on my favorite black stilettos and bend over, rubbing the spot where my ass cheeks meet my thighs; this hidden crescent is my favorite part of my body. I pick up my ass and drop it so it jiggles. I look over at her—she’s looking at her watch.

I step into my dress and pull the zipper up. Black, tight at the waist, hugging the muscle at my knees, and a neckline with depth. “OK, I’m ready,” I say with a twirl.

Her deep eyes and dark brows barely move; she almost looks bored. Then she walks over to me. “Turn around,” she says. She pins me to the wall, holding my arms over my head. Her right leg spreads mine apart. “Keep your arms up,” she tells me, then reaches into my dress to grab my breasts. I can feel her pressed against my back, her breathing steady.

“Why did you wait until now?” I complain. “Look, you’ve already messed up my bun.” She tweaks my nipples in response. Reality is lost when she wants me like this. She licks the back of my neck and pinches my nipples until my back starts to arch of its own accord. She grabs me around the waist and carries me until I’m bent over the bed, with my ass in the air, teetering on my stilettos. I feel her raise the bottom of my dress above my waist, push my panties aside, and slide one long, elegant finger over my closed lips. Over and over she glides, but she won’t deign to open me up and find my clit. I breathe heavily, bending my knees to lower myself onto her hand, but she stops.

“Don’t move,” she says almost soothingly. As the words leave her lips, she

presses my legs together so my thighs are touching, then pulls my damp panties down between my knees.

“Ahh, fuck,” I groan, as she finally slides two fingers inside of me. I bite my lip as she pushes inside, pausing after each thrust. My cunt longs to grind into her strong hand, but I know if I move she’ll stop. With each stroke, she moves deeper inside me. My clit slides along the bedding, making the sheets damp.

She pauses as she brings her left arm around to lock my thighs in place. Three fingers inside of me and the fucking gets faster. Quick and hard, the pressure on my G-spot builds. She fucks me until tears are streaming down my face, and I press my clit into the mattress one last time before my hips begin convulsing. I come into her palm as my wetness runs down my legs. My thighs crumble. I’m exhausted and limp. She rolls me over onto my back, and I watch her take off everything from the waist down so she can straddle my right thigh.

“Fucking you makes me so wet,” she says. She kisses my lips and starts riding my thigh. She grinds against my fat and muscle, light little movements, and my stocking loses its grip in the tumult. I can feel her vulnerable bundle of nerves harden and fill with blood, and it’s her turn to lose control, to shake and release. She flops her lithe, sweaty body onto mine and holds my hands.

“I’m not going to the show,” I murmur into her mouth.

“I know baby, I know,” she says. I can feel her smile. —CORDELIA JACK



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Raising the Saddle

SEXY CYCLISTS STRADDLE MORE
THAN JUST THEIR BIKE SEATS

THE DOWNTOWN BIKE shop operates a valet service on the side. It's not cheap, but it's a small price to pay for the pleasure of starting my mornings with a pack of rangy, tattooed bike mechanics at least a decade younger than I am. The place is always bustling before 9 a.m., but when I stroll in this morning after 11, it looks completely unmanned. As I'm propping my bike in the rack, I hear someone behind me.

"How's your saddle?" I spin around to see a handsome Korean guy with a shaggy pompadour and horn-rimmed glasses walking out of the back.

"It's...fine? You startled me. Oh, you raised my seat last week!" It occurs to me that he's also replaced the bolt on my rack and refilled my tires.

"Yeah," he says, wiping his hands on a blue bandanna. His nails are painted with chipping gold glitter.

"Actually, I think it might be too high," I tell him. "I always feel like I'm about to fall over when I stop. It's hard to get on and off."

"That's the worst," he says, his eyes on mine.

"Maybe it's the angle," I say, after a beat.

"I can work on that," he says. "Do you want to stay here?" I shrug and nod, so he starts riffling through a tray behind the counter, comes back around with a set of Allen wrenches, and kneels on the other side of the bike. "This should help you get off," he says, standing up just inches from me and taking his hand off my saddle. "Try it."

I look over my shoulder at the entrance to the shop. "Put your hand back," I tell him. He looks at me steadily and places his hand back on the leather.

"No one comes in this time of day," he assures me. I ease myself on top of his hand and lean forward so his knuckles are directly under my clit. I gasp when he bends his fingers, puts his free hand on my lower back, and leans into my ear. "Is that better?" he asks. He kisses my ear as I grind against him. Soon his tongue is in my mouth. "We're closed for lunch between 12 and 1," he whispers. "But I can close early, if you want." I nod. He locks the door, turns the sign around, and wheels my bike into the back. I follow him into the office, lean against the wall, and smile as he shuts the door and locks it. "My name's Trevor," he says.

"Is this how you usually spend your lunch break, Trevor?" I ask. He pulls me to him and kisses me again.

"No," he replies. "I usually eat lunch." I laugh. "Wait a minute," he says, disappearing behind a door. I hear water running, and when he comes out, he shows me his clean hands. I smile, and Trevor's clean, cool hands go under my tank top, cupping my breasts through the lace bra. He maneuvers me onto the desk as I pull off his T-shirt, revealing the colors of his tattooed sleeve and the traditional heart-and-swallows across his chest. He shivers as I lick his tattoo, and moans as I tease his nipple with my tongue and teeth. I start to unbutton his pants but he stops me.

Trevor pulls down my leggings and the little lycra skirt I wear over them and kneels down. I scoot forward and he licks my thighs, then looks up at me.

"Next time I do this, I want you fresh off your bike." He opens my legs and drags his tongue along my clit, using his chin to push with gentle pressure against my pussy. He slips three fingers into my mouth to suck and then slides one slick finger inside of me at a time. Just as I'm about to come, he stops and withdraws.

I growl and reach for the waistband of his jeans. A quick unzip reveals Trevor's beautiful cock, thick and slightly bent. He puts the condom on quickly and I wrap my legs around him. The first few rocks are tremendous, and as he fucks me deeper, an electric thrum barrels through my veins. I come with a shiver, closing tight around him. He puts his hand on the desk below us and feels the wetness. Then he carefully pulls out and bends me over the desk. My chest rubs against papers and manila envelopes, rubbery handlebar grips and random valve caps. He pulls my tank top up and kisses my back, inhaling deeply.

"Put your fingers in my mouth again," I tell him. I suck and bite them as he fucks me harder, and the wave washes over me again, lightning all over. Trevor slowly slides a wet finger into my asshole, and I wriggle up against him so I am full of him, everywhere. I come again, and this time he does too, grunting and panting my name, which he knows from the valet register, but hasn't said until now. He turns me back around, laying me back on the desk and covering my body with his torso. "I'm glad you asked about my saddle," I say.

Kissing me, he grins. "You should have heard what I wanted to say to you when I fixed your rack last month." — FANNY BAE



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ONE-HANDED READ

Back-Seat Driver

A SULTRY NIGHT GETS EVEN HOTTER WHEN TWO LOVERS FIND EACH OTHER

I LIFT THE glass off the bar. The three ice cubes swimming in amber make it slippery with cold. I wipe it across my forehead, desperate for something to break the suffocating boredom and heat. The man next to me notices. His smile is charming—he's a perfect stranger, without any familiar flaws or annoying habits. He's direct and so am I, so I suggest we escape the curious eyes of small town drunks and go for a drive.

We pull over to get gas. I climb into the back of his car, and the humidity sticks to my skin like a kind of leather that refuses to dry. The wildflowers bow to passing cars, damp clothes suck under arms, and breath hovers right around lips. Even the rainbow puddle of gasoline shimmers slowly as the static clouds overhead.

He tells me in a sweaty drawl about the seasonal work he's doing, how the physical labor leaves him exhausted. The monotony is what drove him to the bar for a little fun. I assure him that I'm happy to be that distraction.

"Come closer, then." He shifts his head to the right. "I want to feel you." He has a Mexican blanket slipped over an old bench seat. It reminds me of a nubby hotel towel. His mouth vibrates when we kiss. His spit is salty and tastes like the plastic-wrapped jerky you can buy at the gas stop we're parked behind.

Kissing, we don't quite fit together. *Maybe if I jut my bottom lip out an inch, slacken my tongue,* I think, but no. I tell myself he's a newborn puppy, that's all. He's cute enough, dark hair with a hint of hipster shag—just a week or so behind on getting it cut. He murmurs into my mouth like a bee in a can of Orange Crush. The heartbeat bass of a passing car. I forget his lips when my hands feel the firm muscles of his chest and back.

I pull my shirt over my head, relieved to be free of the fabric. His hands press over my nipples, slip my bra to the side. I don't mind starting slow, or letting him take the lead. He unclasps the strap, moves his tongue down for a taste, licks my nipples to hardness. He takes one at a time between his teeth, with a gentle pressure, flicks the tips with his tongue. There is a line of sweat trickling between my breasts, slipping down to my belly. He follows it an inch at a time while my mind races ahead.

I can feel him, sweet and hard, through his jeans. He unbuttons mine, tries to slip them below my hips—I shift and help, the whole time looking into his eyes. I bite my lip, grab his fingers, and draw them down where I'm even wetter. Push them inside so he's knows I'm ready. He rubs his fingers in slow circles between my lips. I can come in seconds if he stays steady. Fingers or tongue tip, it doesn't matter. I let him play until I can't think about anything other than the shape of his dick, the veins that are rising, the skin stretching, the pink rim around the thick head. I need to take it in my mouth.

He jerks away from my lips right before coming, drizzles down the side of my neck, in my hair, on my breasts. I'm still on the edge, fidgeting. "Watch," I direct. Slipping my own hand down. "Watch me," I murmur as I begin to work my clit, slipping every couple of strokes. I open my whole palm and rub, slide one finger in, rock back and forth. Pinching my clit tightly right as I come. I can't help but take a little sucked-in breath. The Mexican blanket is now even more like a hotel towel, soaked in our sweat and come. I notice he's still hard, or hard again. "I'm so damn wet," I say. "Come here."

"Mmmph," he answers with his lips pressed into a smile. He flips me so I'm underneath, his weight pressing over my ribs. He takes my hair into his fist and pulls, rocking in and out, getting deep. A perfect fit. I tighten around him, clamp onto his thickness and squeeze. He slows, shortens his stroke, and pulses. "I don't get off that way. I'm a clit girl," I whisper. He slides his thumb between our bodies and presses firmly down. I whimper.

The windows are so fogged up that I can barely see the gas station attendant who comes out the back door for a smoke, then leans against the wall. His thin lips nip the end of his cigarette. I trace their shape with my eyes. They look cracked, like a dry lakebed. I wonder how they would fit with mine and if, from where he's leaning, he can see my pink nipples pressing against the glass, the shape of the body behind me. The rising bulge in his jeans tells me everything I need to know. —QUINN CAMPBELL



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ONE-HANDED READ

Perfect Strangers

A POET FINDS SOME CARNAL COMPANIONSHIP
ON HER BOOK TOUR

AFTER I PUBLISHED a collection of poetry, my publisher sent me out on the road—20 cities in 26 days. Though sometimes exhilarating, it was often hideously boring; I'd return to empty hotel rooms every night only to sit on the bed reading novels, eating ice cream, and watching soft porn on TV. But at a reading in one small town, I saw a couple sitting in the front row of folding chairs. They'd taken great care to put themselves together. He was wearing black trousers, a vest, and a button-down shirt. His moustache and soulful face made him look like some kind of butch Russian shoeshine boy. She wore a red silk dress with a shiny brown belt that matched her shoes and handbag. Lush and overripe, she was like a glass of fresh juice filled almost past the brim. They looked like they'd been transported from a bygone era, but their tattoos—which peeked out around their collars and hemlines—betrayed them.

After the reading, they stood in line waiting for me to sign their copy of my book. When it was finally their turn, she leaned in close and murmured, "Write—'Dear Liza and Adam, thanks for the great fuck.'" My breath caught in my chest and I felt my face get hot. Confused and shaky, I attempted to change the subject, asking her about other poets she admired. "Do you like Anaïs Nin?" asked Liza. "Adam says you look like her a little. Of course, she was a naughty girl—have you seen the movie *Henry & June*?" I *had* seen that film, and had masturbated afterward, remembering June bossing little Nin about. "Would you like to take a walk?" I asked, shocked at my own bravery.

We wandered together down the dimly lit main street of their town. It was evening and the air had turned cool. "This is the building Liza manages," said Adam, pointing at a short brick townhouse. "We've got the keys, if you'd like to go inside," he smirked. It had once been a dance studio, and one long wall was still covered in mirrors. Red velvet curtains covered the windows, and a low Victorian sofa sat near the entrance. Large, impossibly delicate chandeliers hung from the ceilings. "Oh, it's beautiful," I said, and stopped to look at my reflection; I saw Liza standing close behind me. She reached out and stroked my cheek with one hand. "I think *you're* beautiful," she said quietly. I stood stock-still as Adam came close to my other side.

"Here is what's going to happen," Liza said with a sudden firmness in her voice. "You're going to do exactly as I say. If you want to stop, just say stop. If you want anything else, you can beg for it. Do you understand?" I nodded silently, feeling a small flood forming between my legs. I was nervous, but I didn't want to stop—I only wanted to surrender. And before I had time to think, she led me to the sofa. Liza unbuttoned my dress and Adam pulled me closer, taking one of my nipples into his mouth. My chest felt tight with anticipation. I found my lips parting, and Liza kissed my open my mouth, then held my head, as if offering it to Adam. Her fingers were strong and soft, a contrast against his rough hands. He caressed circles on the small of my back as we kissed with urgency.

I knelt down near their feet while Liza shimmed out of her silk panties and threw a leg over the armrest, an invitation. I leaned toward her, then tasted her spicy cunt

while she bucked beneath me, grinding against my tongue. Adam leaned over and put three fingers inside of me, and worked them hard and fast. Then he lifted me up easily and pulled me to his lap, onto his cock. My tongue lapped the raw pearl of her clit methodically, while Adam thrust inside me at the same pace. Soon, Liza's muscles tensed and her face contorted beautifully. The sound of her orgasm was so familiar—guttural and sweet.

That pushed Adam over the edge and he came quickly, then rested his sweaty face against my bare back. My clit was swollen and alive and Liza kissed me, purring. I was painfully turned on. My orgasm is always elusive, and this is where I would normally stop and clamp my legs together.

I nodded silently, feeling a small flood forming between my legs. I was nervous, but I didn't want to stop—I only wanted to surrender.

But I pushed past it as Adam pressed his big thumb across my clit. I realized they wouldn't give up easily. Liza added her hot mouth to my neck, moving down to my nipples, and I came loudly, unabashed.

We each rested a moment, breathing heavily, the room thick with the smell of arousal. Outside people walked the street in groups, laughing. "Would you like us to walk you to your hotel?" Liza asked, reapplying her crimson lipstick. I adjusted my underwear, still shaking, and smoothed my dress down. "Yes, please. I'm a little discombobulated." She smiled while she locked arms with me, and the three of us headed out into the night.

—EMME MAGDALENE



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“a big deck”

WHEN HER CHIPS ARE DOWN, A POKER
PLAYER SHOWS HER HAND, AND MUCH MORE

BY ROSALÍA ZIZZO

“POKER NIGHT!” ANGELA hears men shouting and beer bottles clanging as the usual crew settles in for a game of cards. She passes into the dining area where everyone is preparing to get drunk, make some money, and have fun—much like every week. Angela pulls a chair out, realizing she’s the only female again. Charlie sits in the dealer’s seat, Larry next to him, then silent Jackson, and then Scott—the ringleader of Friday’s three-ring circus—who sits smiling at her. He’s the real reason she returns each week, and she looks under her lashes at Scott’s sandy-blond hair, trying hard not to picture him naked.

“Hey, Mr. Modesty. How’s the big deck?” Angela says with a smile. Last week, he’d made an unintentional reference to his large stack of cards, and nobody will let him forget it. She chuckles while smirking at Scott’s shocked expression. “Ohhh,” the guys shout in unison as Scott fans out his cards in front of his face like a shield. Angela straightens her back, popping a couple of pretzels in her mouth and crunching while grinning like a cat. “Well...uh...” Scott stammers.

“Are we playing with it tonight, Scotty?” someone shouts while Charlie lets loose a loud guffaw. “The tension is growing thicker as we speak,” chimes in Larry. “You guys all have dirty minds,” Scott grumbles. Immediately, another male chimes in. “Of course, but I don’t think you realized Angela had one, too.” Watching him squirm fills Angela with deep satisfaction, and she feels heat rush through her stomach and move south to her pussy. “OK. Let’s get the game started,” she demands.

After an hour of turning over her meager fortune, Angela flops her cards on the table. “I’ve got absolutely nothing. And I’m out of money.” As she reaches for her purse to go, Scott catches her wrist. “Is it time to make it more interesting? If we play strip poker, you can make all your money back.” Angela turns to him. “I’m listening.”

He explains, “An article of clothing is cash. Just put it on the table like money. You win? You keep it all—the money and clothing.” Angela nods. “All right. You’re all drunk anyway so you probably won’t remember a thing tomorrow, and I wouldn’t mind winning some cash back.” Charlie shuffles the cards while Angela stands and drops just her panties to the floor. The guys become silent as she scoops up her underwear and tosses them smugly on the table. All their faces turn, gawking. With a distracted group of males, Angela easily wins the first hand, and she shoots out of her seat, punching her fists into the air. Scott looks around the room and quickly dives between Angela’s legs, flipping her skirt over the top of his head. He grips the globes of her ass and holds her body firmly to his face, which startles everyone, especially Angela.

“Whoa,” Larry whispers. Angela starts to protest but stops and stares open-eyed when she feels him lick along the slit and dive into the open slash with his tongue. It plunges into her cunt and teases the base of the swelling gem, making it harden and throb. The pleasure keeps her anchored in place as she looks around the room. Sure, she’s always been an exhibitionist, but gazing into multiple eyes, while someone’s tongue finds her clit and his mouth sucks her labia, brings it to a whole new level. Her skirt lifts and drops like an umbrella opening and closing as he bobs his head up and down. Feeling his tongue swirl slow circles around her clit, she thrusts a bit toward Scott’s face. She watches Larry and Jackson gape as she audibly moans.

Scott fucks her with his tongue, and judging from the noises escaping his throat, he sa-

vors this too. He increases the tempo only when she whines and begs for more. Drunk with desire, Angela places her palms on Scott’s upper back and looks into all the glassy eyes as she feels his tongue move in and out. She adjusts her feet so she feels stable, but she still rocks, weak-kneed. Each time Scott enters and exits with his tongue, he brushes against her clit, pushing the length of his tongue along the walls and pulling it out to the entrance.

As her orgasm starts its upward climb, she looks wildly about the room, searching for unspoken answers for her current predicament. He continues a steady pace and then stops, making Angela groan in dismay. He circles her waist with his fingers and lifts her to the table as the guys scramble out of their seats and clear the table of bottles and snacks. Scott begins where he left off, and his warm lips surround her while his tongue moves deftly. He sucks and licks her flesh in frantic need.

Angela tenses, uncontrollably thrusting toward his face, and she envisions Scott’s cock penetrating her again and again. She feels the weight drop before sailing upward through her pussy, her belly, and her chest. Angela calls out his name as she erupts behind closed eyes, where white sparkles flash. His tongue continues to lightly stroke her until she blows out a sigh in completion.

Clearly in shock, Charlie, Jackson, and Larry all gaze at them, speechless. The room stays silent an eternity as Scott raises his head. Attempting to bring normalcy to the evening, Charlie croaks, “So how’s life at the office supply store, Angela?” Angela blinks her eyes and takes a while to think. As she sits up—arranging her skirt and shirt, and raking her fingers through her hair—she smiles and says, “OK, I guess.”



From **Best Women's Erotica 2012**, edited by Violet Blue. Reprinted courtesy of Cleis Press.

BUST (ISSN 1089-4713), No. 74, Apr/May, 2012. **BUST** is published bi-monthly in Feb/Mar, Apr/May, June/July, Aug/Sept, Oct/Nov, and Dec/Jan by **BUST, INC.** 18 WEST 27TH STREET, 9TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY, 10001. Printed in the U.S.A. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Subscription prices, payable in U.S. funds, are \$19.95 for one year (6 issues). Additional postage: In Canada add \$10 per year, and in all other foreign countries add \$20 per year. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to **BUST, INC.** P.O. BOX 16775, NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA, 91615.

ONE-HANDED READ

Girls Interrupted

A ONE-NIGHT STAND TURNS WILD—AND A BIT WEIRD

HER NAME WAS Natalie and she was beautiful, with a relaxed, easy laugh that made me smile involuntarily. We'd been close-talking for nearly two hours in the lesbian bar and I suddenly felt bold—I put my hands on her hips, tugging her nearer. "Let's get out of here," I said quietly. Soon, we were meandering toward her place, a townhouse close by. I followed her through the front door and she dropped her keys onto a table. "Do you want a beer?" she called, heading toward the kitchen. "Sure," I said, following her and leaning against the counter. "Cute place," I said. Natalie smiled. "It's home."

She was obviously willing and I definitely wanted her, so I moved closer. I went in for a kiss and her lips were soft, tasting slightly of beer. She leaned toward me, putting both hands on my waist. My pulse was racing as we kissed, her hand drifting over my lower back. I slid my palm over her ass and squeezed. "You wanna take this upstairs?" Natalie whispered, and pulled me toward the bedroom, where I kissed her, harder now. She made a noise in her throat and slid her fingers under the hem of my shirt. I moved away momentarily before dipping my mouth to her throat. "My only rule is no marks," Natalie whispered, her breath coming fast. "I don't have any rules," I said, laughing, as I started undoing her jeans.

Now the fire that had been building exploded into an inferno. Her hands seemed like they were everywhere at once, pushing my jeans off my hips before skimming over my stomach to my breasts. Sliding one hand up, she caught my nipple between her fingers and squeezed, making me whimper. We shed the rest of our clothes and climbed into bed, laying side by side. She eased a knee between mine, her kisses slow and lingering now as her hands roved my body. Then Natalie shifted her hips, opening herself more to me and I parted her with two fingers, finding her slick and ready. She moaned, her fingers digging into my shoulders as she held me close.

I gently bit her lower lip before slipping inside of her. She jerked, her cries soft as I moved my thumb back and forth over her clit. Her hips moved with my rhythm and her breaths were coming in short, sharp pants. With a high-pitched cry, she suddenly seized and her nails raked my back as she came. I kept up my rhythm, not minding the burning scratches she was leaving, pushing until she gripped my wrist and forced me to stop. "Jesus," she whispered, her forehead against mine. "You OK?" I asked, and Natalie gave a shaky laugh. "You could say that."

Now her hand moved down my arm and ghosted over my stomach, and I shuddered, my body screaming for contact. Moving her knee, she pushed my thighs further apart before pulling away. "I want to watch you," she murmured. The breath caught in my chest as she slowly slid two fingers inside of me, twisting them as she pulled them almost all the way out. She moved slowly and deliberately, her brown eyes watching me as she pumped her fingers. I could feel the muscles tightening in my thighs and stomach as I got closer and closer to the edge. She pressed her thumb to my clit and I cried out. Within seconds, I was screaming, and I held onto her as she pushed me hard to a second orgasm. Once I quieted, we lay in each other's arms, kissing slowly until we fell asleep.

I woke early the next morning, and slipped out of bed. As I washed my hands, I noticed

two toothbrushes in the holder on the sink. I knew what this meant, and my stomach lurched. Quietly cursing under my breath, I pulled on underwear and a T-shirt. Natalie heard me and woke up, smiling slowly. "How'd you sleep?" she asked. "I slept pretty well," I said tersely. "Listen, I've—" I started to say, but was interrupted by a man's voice. It was coming from downstairs. "Natalie? You up?" She jumped out of bed, eyes wide. "Shit! My husband," she said. "He's home early." My mouth fell open and I froze as right then, the bedroom door opened. We both turned to stare at a guy wearing a pilot's uniform. He raised his eyebrows when he saw me, his eyes moving between me and Natalie. Nobody said anything for what felt like an eternity.

"Hi," he said warily. "You are...?" "Leaving. I'm leaving," I mumbled, grabbing the rest of my clothes from the floor, and looking frantically for my shoes. "Susan's a friend," Natalie stammered. "She was too drunk to drive home." I stared at her with a mixture of amusement and horror. "This is Mike, my husband." He smirked at me, his eyes roaming over my half-clad body ap-

preciatively as he loosened his necktie. "You sure you can't stay just a little while longer?" "Positive," I said, pulling on my wadded-up jeans. As I moved to the door, I looked at Natalie over Mike's shoulder and she

smiled. "It was fun," Natalie murmured, and I stammered "Uh huh" as I shut the bedroom door behind me, hearing her let out a giggle. I finished dressing in the entryway and checked my pockets before letting myself out in a rush. With no ride home, I had a long walk in front of me. Still, I couldn't help but crack a smile. —J.L. GAYNOR

"My only rule is no marks," Natalie whispered, her breath coming fast. "I don't have any rules," I said, laughing

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Three's a Crowd

A THREESOME GIVES ONE
SINGLE GAL MORE THAN SHE
CAN HANDLE (LITERALLY)

BY WHIM GRACE

I DON'T REMEMBER who began kissing who first, but I think it started as a girl thing, with my hesitant mouth brushing her cupid's bow lips. My hands cautiously explored her soft skin, as if I were uncovering a secret, and I suppose I was. I had admired women from afar, and had kissed a few, but I had never gone "all the way." I was young, but I took pride in my sexual prowess with men, and the idea of being between a woman's willing thighs and not being able to satisfy her terrified me. I had often thought that maybe with the familiar presence of a man urging me along, I could overcome my fear and finally allow myself to get intimate with a woman.

She was a pixie with a mop of curly brown hair, delicate facial features, and the perfect handful of curves. She wore a hoop through her nose and tattoos on her shoulder; she had an infectious giggle and a take-no-prisoners attitude. Her boyfriend was a slightly older mechanic, but he was young-seeming, gentle, and a bit of a geek. They had found me, or I had found them, on a dating (or one-night-stand-finding) website, and after a couple of meetings, we decided we liked each other enough to give a three-way a whirl. We thought this could be a regular thing, with all of us sharing and enjoying equally. It was a long shot, but worth a try.

So one night I found myself with this lovely petite thing and her man, sitting on top of tangled bedsheets in their nearly empty apartment. It was raining, which made it perfect, since we weren't planning on going anywhere. Her breath was on my neck while her fingers undressed me, traveling across my body with gentle insistence. Those fingers were trying to uncover what treasures lay under my cotton T-shirt and jeans. She had more experience than I did with women, but we were new to each other, and my body tingled as more of our skin became uncovered. A tattoo here, a small scar there. I touched one sensitive spot beneath the curve of her breast and above her ribcage, and she arched in my arms. My head spun with wanting her. We were lost in horny high school tension and craved more, but we were both too nervous to steal the next base. Just then, her boyfriend smartly joined in. Taking things to the next level, he hurried us along by planting kisses on her lips, along my collarbone, behind her ear, stripping us down while she and I were too distracted by each other to possibly protest. Before we knew it, we were all naked, and his hands were parting my thighs while her mouth was on my stomach.

There were yards of skin and flutters of caresses, too many to count. There was the roughness of male desire alternating with gentle, feminine curves. He put his lips on my full breast while her mouth was on his neck; I gasped for air. Then I felt him move behind me, his warm, able hands grasping my waist and prominent hips; as he entered me, I moved my head between her parted thighs. I licked my lips and tasted a woman for the first time. That was what I'd been terrified of, that moment with my mouth on another woman, but somehow I knew what to do. With my lips pressed against her, and him pressed against me, I let out a grateful muffled sound.

Our group anxiety had subsided, and all that remained was our hunger for each other. Her pale skin glowed against his warm tan as we both licked his erection. Then I climbed on top of her, so we were face-to-face and breast-to-breast. He pulled out of me and pushed his cock deep into her as she and I gripped each other's soft naked bodies, meeting each other's sighs with kisses. He concentrated on her for the moment, matching the rhythm of her panting with the movement of his hips. As I regained my breath, I watched her change. Her cheeks flushed, and her lashes fluttered while she clung to me. As she climaxed with him buried deep inside of her, I could feel her tremble beneath me—it was as if her orgasm was mine. I can't remember how many times I came that night, and in how many different positions. My thighs dripped, my thoughts were dizzy, my muscles shook, and the quivery feeling in my stomach never subsided. It was like a never-ending orgasm that rocked me from the inside out.

Our second time together was nothing like our first: we all met in a cozy café halfway between our places. They looked expectant and excited, but I had to let them down, saying, "I had an amazing time the other night, but, um, I can't see you guys again." They both stared at me, their faces plummeting. How could I possibly explain that being with them was too incredible, too perfect? I knew we'd never top that night—a combination of dumb luck and timing had made it work, and there was nothing we could do in the future that would compare. But sometimes my mind wanders back to that evening, and I think that maybe, with the right people and some more luck, my next threesome isn't far off.



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ONE-HANDED READ

Sleeping Booty

A SLUMBERING SEX KITTEN GETS WHAT SHE'S ALWAYS WANTED

I HAVE THIS fantasy of letting my lover have their way with me while I'm asleep. I've had it for a long time, but I've never been with someone who I felt understood it or would be open to it—until now.

One night, emboldened in a post-coital glow, I had the nerve to confess my desire. My lover lay facedown on my bed, with a tattooed arm slung over my exposed breasts. "If you're into it," I told them hesitantly, "I am granting you consent to do anything you'd like to do to me while I'm asleep."

They sat up, arched a gorgeous eyebrow, and their crooked grin turned into a smirk. I felt a twinge in my pelvis as I registered the look of intrigue and arousal on their face as we set the ground rules. Part of the excitement was in not knowing when it would happen. I remained in a state of delicious expectation for days, until one rainy evening a week later.

It had been a lazy night at home, smoking and watching Netflix. Blissed out and just a tiny bit stoned, I was starting to get bleary-eyed when they whispered, "Why don't you go to bed and I'll join you in a few?" My lover guided me to the bedroom, hands occasionally sliding down to grab my ample ass. I was wearing one of their oversized, old punk T-shirts and panties. They lifted the shirt over my head and placed me in the bed like a doll. Through my haze, I watched their broad shoulders retreat through the bedroom door.

It felt like I'd been asleep for hours when I heard the door creak open. When I sensed their presence, a wetness began to build up at the opening of my sex. The covers lifted. My nipples hardened as a breeze from the next room blew through the open door. I could sense them looking at my body in the glow of the streetlamp outside my window. Wearing just a pair of white lace panties, my dark pubic hair showing through the sheer front, I felt at once innocent and a little slutty. Now the blanket was completely off, and I felt their weight as they sat down on the bed.

One hand and then another touched my soft, round belly. They worshipped this part of me and made me feel beautiful, even on days when I felt ashamed of my rolls and stretch marks. When they kissed and caressed me, I knew I was adored, and it made me feel confident and powerful. Especially now, in my current state, I couldn't be self-deprecating or carefully camouflage myself.

They began to lick my café-au-lait-colored nipples, teeth gently grazing. A hand caressed my throat but hesitated, as if tightening it would wake me. They moved their mouth to my midsection and further down, pausing to grab the curve of my hips with both hands. They worked my panties down with an agonizing slowness before gently parting my legs.

As I became more and more aroused, I was also being roused from my slumber. I kept my eyes closed and my breathing deep and rhythmic to convince my lover (and perhaps myself) that I was still in a dream state. The softness of their breath lingered over my now-drenched pussy. I remained still, though it was difficult to not raise my hips to meet their mouth. They began to lick and tease my stiffened clit. It was nearly impossible to suppress

any moans that would break the illusion, but somehow I managed. They continued to circle my clit with their tongue, and I felt a finger trace my labia before another joined and slowly entered me. After a few thrusts, they added the third, then the fourth finger.

They fucked me with their perfect hand, gradually increasing force and speed. Their long fingers plunged deep inside of me, expertly applying pressure to my G-spot. I felt like squirting, but I wanted to delay the explosion. Squeezing my internal muscles didn't help; pre-orgasmic shudders coursed through my entire body. Their fingers fluttered inside of me while they worked my rock-hard clit with their thumb.

Their other hand had been squeezing one of my breasts, and I suddenly noticed its absence. I could feel another rhythmic movement elsewhere, and I knew they were taking their own pleasure while giving me mine. They began to grunt through gritted teeth. I finally released my own moans, fully awake, almost there, eyes still shut, limbs still limp. They fucked me so hard, so forcefully, exactly how I wanted it. I felt the pressure about to release—I was going to come all over their glorious hand. The speed of both of their hands increased, and I felt my orgasm would come with theirs. They knew I was coming, and it brought them to climax; I opened my eyes just in time to see their face in the full throes of ecstasy. They quickly withdrew their hand from my pussy, and I gushed like a bottle of champagne. Grinning and panting, they ran their wet hand across their face, then grabbed me for a ferocious kiss. I tasted my juices on my lover's lips.

"So, was your fantasy fulfilled?" they purred.

"A million times over," I exhaled. "Next time tell me yours." —CHARLIE BELLECASTLE



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ONE-HANDED READ

Locked Out

ADVENTURES IN EX SEX

CATHY REACHED INTO her purse for her keys. “Oh crap,” she said aloud, patting down the pockets of her dress. “Crap crap crap.” She reluctantly retrieved her phone from her purse and dialed. “Ryan?” she said. “It’s me. I’m locked out. You still got my spare key? Thanks...sorry.” She leaned against her doorframe. It had been more than a year since she and Ryan had seen each other, deciding to date other people. She remembered his irritatingly handsome face and wished that she had some lipgloss, or at least a comb. “Crap,” she repeated.

When he appeared down the hall, she looked sheepishly at the floor. “Thank you,” she said, “and I really *am* sorry.” He shook his head. “Not a problem. I’m glad to see you, anyway.” He took in her body in its thin dress and overcoat before returning his eyes to her face. He smiled. Annoyed at his audacity, Cathy covered her breasts with her arm and adjusted her purse strap. As Ryan unlocked her door, Cathy noticed a bottle of bourbon in his other hand. “You still drink this stuff?” he said, grinning.

She mixed a couple old fashioned and joined him at her coffee table. When they ran out of things to talk about, she stood to signal that it was time for him to go. Ryan stood, too, and took a step toward her, as if to hug her goodbye. “I hear you’re dating a guy from work?” he asked casually, like an afterthought. “We broke up,” Cathy responded. Her cheeks flushed, and his proximity caused her forearm hairs to stand on end. Her breathing quickened. “And you’re still with Stephanie?” she asked. “Not anymore,” he replied. She nodded and bit her lip, staring downward at a corner of the room.

The muscles between her legs tightened, and she felt herself becoming wet. She turned to meet his eyes and stood facing him for what seemed an intolerably long time. Sure, it was a bad idea to sleep with an ex, but that was only contributing to her arousal, which was also heightened by seeing his T-shirt stretched across those muscular, familiar shoulders. She suddenly remembered the months of satisfying sex they’d shared in this very apartment.

After what felt like an eternity, he stepped toward her, placed his fingers at the base of her scalp, and covered her throat in moist kisses. She tilted her head back and sighed audibly, stepping backward to lean against her living room wall. As his lips moved down the inside of her arm, he sank to his knees, and she pressed her palms against the wall behind her to steady herself. He kissed upward along the inside of her thigh while his hand skimmed over her panties and hipbone toward her ass. There, he firmly squeezed, and the kisses on her inner thigh became rougher and more fervent. She bent her knees to join him on the floor, but he used his other hand to push her upward again. She swatted at him, trying to regain some control, but his hand stayed put. Supporting her, he alternated between kissing her left and right thighs without allowing his mouth or hand to touch her clit. After more than a year apart, he remembered exactly how she liked to be teased.

She felt her muscles cramping, and she ached with such strong desire that it was nearly painful. “Put your fingers in,” she demanded breathlessly, but instead, he continued to roughly kiss the area where her inner thigh met her bush. “Your fingers,” she repeated more forcefully; this time he shook his head,

smiling, before continuing to stubbornly ignore her cunt. “Damn it,” she said, her anger mounting, her torso tense with anticipation, “Ryan, just do something.” He slowly slid his knuckle between her labia, applying practically no pressure, and she nearly yelled out in frustration. Cathy freed herself from the wall, roughly yanked a handful of his thick hair, and fell to her knees in front of him. Unzipping his jeans, she hurriedly put his hard cock in her mouth to make it as wet as she was. With his penis pressing repeatedly against the roof of her mouth, her groin pulsed in anticipation. Pushing him into a seated position, she straddled his legs and pulled her underwear to one side.

Lowering down on him, her body stretching to accommodate his thick penis, her discomfort disappeared, as she was finally filled up. Her nails digging deeply into his arms, she rose and sank, feeling relief each time she felt his cock deeply inside of her. When she was seconds away from orgasm, he spat on a few fingers and reached behind her to stick them up her ass. She cried out in pleasure and came, forcefully, as release rolled through her body. Cathy nodded to show that she’d finished, and he placed his hands under her thighs to quicken her pace and then lift her off of his cock, leaning back as he came on his stomach. He lay on her rug, breathing heavily, as she headed to the bathroom. “Shit, Ryan,” she said, tossing him a washcloth, “were you always that obnoxious in bed?” He smiled and propped himself up on one elbow. “I sure was.”

—JANIE EDWARDS



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Cherry Boy

A SEXUAL FIRST-TIMER GETS NERVOUS—BUT SHE PROMISES TO BE GENTLE WITH HIM

BY INDIGO SKYE

“IT’S MY FIRST time. I’m a little nervous,” Michael says, unbuttoning his shirt. I gasp inwardly, but maintain my cool. “Don’t worry,” I tell him. “I know what to do.” His face is red—he’s embarrassed, nervous that I won’t want anything to do with him now. I stroke his lean chest and say, “Everybody’s nervous the first time,” thinking, *Why didn’t you mention this before?* I take him in my arms and give him a lingering kiss. “Even you?” he asks, with a crooked grin. Michael’s smile is what attracted me to him first; it’s like the sun peeking out after a storm. “Yes. Even me,” I tell him, laughing. What I don’t tell him is that it was 10 years ago, when I was 16. I’ve had a lot of experience since then.

“Tell me about it, your first time,” he says, lying back on my bed. “I lost my virginity in the back seat of my car,” I tell him. “My boyfriend was sweet about it, very gentle. But he didn’t really know what the hell he was doing, to be honest. It was over in, like, five minutes.” We laugh together. “Don’t worry,” I tell him. “I’ll make sure you have a lot more fun than I did,” I say, unbuttoning the fly of his jeans and easing them down to his ankles. He kicks them onto the floor. “We can go slow,” I tell him, stroking the smooth muscles of his arms. We’ve been dating for a few months, and he confided that a traumatic breakup had made him gun-shy. I’ve just been burned by a savage divorce, so I’m amenable to taking things slow, but I’ve been wanting this for ages. Truthfully, I’d been feeling more than a little impatient to take our relationship to the next level. Now all of our long chats

and marathon make-out sessions are finally paying off.

Michael frames my face with his hands and pulls me close for a kiss. He slides his hands down my back, squeezing my ass and reaching under my skirt. I’m wearing a skimpy pair of pink undies with lace and black silk ribbons. When I flip my skirt up to show him, he swallows hard and kisses me hotly. I feel the bulge in his boxers grow, and touch his stiffening cock through the soft fabric. “Show me how to make you happy,” he whispers. “Just lie back and relax, gorgeous. I’ll show you everything you need to know,” I say. I drop my skirt onto the floor and straddle his hips. Slowly, I grind my crotch against his cock. He cups my breasts in his hands, sucking and licking at them eagerly. I feel the hard curve of him against me, rubbing harder. “Oh, God,” he gasps, his hips thrusting forward.

I reach down, take his cock out, and push my panties aside, rubbing the silken skin of his mushroom-tip over my clit. I moan, and feel myself getting wetter. I bite my lower lip, and tease his cock with my hot slit, grinding hard, and then pulling away at the last possible second. We’ve done everything *but* sex so far: lots of kissing and cuddling, some oral action, mutual masturbation, you name it. Now I revel in the skin-to-skin intimacy. I stroke his face and whisper, “Are you ready?” and he smiles. Leaning in close for a kiss, I guide his cock inside me. He gasps, green eyes fluttering open, and we lock gazes as I slowly take in the whole length of his shaft. I match his quickening pace for a few minutes, backing off again when it feels like he’s getting ready to come.

Still straddling his hips, I swivel my pelvis in slow figure-eights. “Not yet,” I whisper when he tries to speed up. “I want this to last,” I tell him, stroking my clit with one hand as he watches me with greedy eyes. He moans with pleasure as I grip him with my cunt, feeling him twitch and spasm involuntarily. “Jane...I...Oh, damn...” Incoherent with pleasure, he thrusts harder, gripping my hips with desperate strength and plunging in again and again. I ride his cock, still working my clit furiously with busy fingers, until I come hard. “Fuck me harder!” I yell, bouncing up and down. Then he tumbles me over onto my back, without missing a beat, and I wrap my legs around him. Still locked together, he holds me there and thrusts inside me hard. I spread my legs wide and finger my clit furiously as his thrusts fill me up, bringing me to the brink of another orgasm. I feel his pace growing frantic, and hold off, timing my next orgasm to coincide with his. Michael cries out and strains against me as we climax together.

Afterwards, he collapses in my arms. “Thank you,” he whispers. I run my fingers through his long brown hair and smile. “No...thank *you*,” I say, as he kisses his way up to my ear. “You know something?” he whispers. “Next time will only be my *second* time, ever, and I’m feeling a little nervous.” He gives me that crooked little grin. “I’m hoping you can help me with that.” I smile and reach for his cock again. “Don’t worry. This won’t hurt a bit.”



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ONE-HANDED READ

Crush Groove

PUBIC ATTRACTION IN A PUBLIC BATHROOM

AS SOON AS Justin locked the bar's bathroom door behind them, Marisol turned around and pushed him up against it. She took his heavily stubbled jaw in her hands and kissed him, her heart pounding.

It wasn't like her to hook up in public, but she was so struck by running into an old crush that she had to take the opportunity. And as far as bar bathrooms went, this one was pretty clean. Marisol's attraction to Justin had started way back when they were organizing together with a crew of fellow anarchists. He was a radical who liked professional sports—a combination that was hard to find—and his cute smile and tattooed arms didn't hurt either.

Justin grabbed Marisol's ass with both hands and held her tightly against his body—she could feel him getting hard. They kissed furiously; his lips were full and soft, and his tongue tasted good in her mouth. Her nipples hardened inside her bra as Justin's erection rubbed against her, and her clit began to tingle. Marisol stepped back and leaned against the wall, pushed Justin down to his knees, hitched up her burgundy lace dress, and draped one leg over his shoulder. It wasn't the most romantic move in the world, but they had little time to waste.

Justin pulled Marisol's panties to one side, slid in a finger, and quickly but masterfully licked her clit. Marisol leaned back, gripped Justin's thick brown curls between her long fingers and held his head against her pussy. She closed her eyes and let out a sigh of relief, moving her hips rhythmically to guide his tongue.

Justin was incredibly turned on by how into it Marisol was, and he wanted more. He stood up, moved her over to the sink, and bent her over. He lifted her dress and pulled her panties down to her ankles. Then he got down on the cold tile and ran his hands over her legs, stopping for a moment to admire the tattoo she had on her thigh of a Puerto Rican flag with a black fist as the star. Then, to Marisol's surprise, he spread her cheeks wide and licked her asshole eagerly. She was so wet that it was easy for Justin to slip a couple of fingers inside her pussy and pleasure her in two ways at once. Justin had always had a crush on Marisol: she was incredibly smart and a militant activist, but he'd never had the nerve before tonight to flirt with her. He was so surprised to run into her that he'd decided, *the hell with it*, and took his chance. And he was happy as fuck that he had. He couldn't believe he was actually getting to taste her ass and touch her. Justin felt his cock pushing hard against his jeans, urging him to lick and finger her more deeply.

Marisol allowed herself to sink into the pleasure. She usually took forever to come, but the excitement of running into someone she'd once desired so strongly and fucking in a public space compounded her pleasure. The familiar sensation was creeping up from her pelvis, circling her navel, and traveling up to tickle her nipples. She gripped the cool porcelain of the sink with one hand and reached around with the other to bury Justin's face further in her ass. Marisol arched her back, ground down onto Justin's nose

and mouth, and tightened up on his fingers until she came hard in waves of wet release and sweet relief. She was pretty sure she screamed out, but couldn't hear herself over Frank Ocean blasting through the bathroom speakers.

Marisol stumbled back while Justin stood up, pulled up her panties, and turned to face him. He licked his lips and kissed her hard. She could taste herself on his tongue and one more flicker played on her still-sensitive clit. A loud knock on the door broke up the moment. "Hurry the fuck up!" someone yelled.

"Guess that's it," Justin said, smiling. Marisol held up a wrapped condom she'd slipped into her pocket before she'd left the table. It was all crumpled up now.

"Too bad we didn't get to use this," she said.

"Maybe not tonight," Justin replied while taking her hand and turning to unlock the door. "But I'm alone at my office tomorrow. Maybe you can come over on your lunch break?"

Marisol stepped out first and looked to see who had banged on the door. When the girl saw that Marisol had been inside with someone, her scowl turned into a knowing smile. She nodded her approval then entered the bathroom, and Marisol laughed. "So? Lunch tomorrow?" Justin whispered in Marisol's ear. "I'm still hungry."

Marisol nodded and took Justin's phone out of his pocket—he was still a little hard. She entered her number, slid the phone back, and smiled. "Tomorrow," she promised. Then Marisol walked away with a little more swag than she'd had before she went into the bathroom, and wiped the mascara she was sure had smudged under her eyes. She sat back down at her friends' table, took a big swallow of the closest drink without asking, and grinned.

— ALANA L. LOPEZ



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